

In my town you can go to a place
and stick your dick through a wall
to have some stranger suck you off.

Isn't that a fine
howd-ya-do?

On the corner of Chleton and Green,
my neighborhood,a preacher screams
of our pursuits so abject without Jesus.
He catalogs the sins,and I meet me
in most. So I don't know.

I'm again on the way
to meet nobody,and not unhappily.
What can I say? That the search
for love takes strange forms?
That maybe the search itself is bizarre?

Sometimes I'd like to be an old testament prophet
smearing myself with ashes and ranting
about the hell we're hellbent for.

Other times I think it's all pretty fuckin funny.
Ah what the hell. I'll hold on to my dick if it's
all the same. No one, no thing, nothing cures
loneliness. Just be, and be thankful for
the respites,some laughs with few friends,
someone to fuck you at times,and the languor
after to expose yourself.